

A Copie of certain Letters occasioned by his Majesties

S I R,

BY way of encouragement, that you may persevere
in your wonted-----S.S.S.&c.

As to the printed News, I referre you to your Wife,

Your trusty Friend, *Pseudonymus.*

The true Co-
py of a Letter
sent to Mr.

George Hughes
Minister of
Gods Word in
Plimouth; and
another Letter
to Mr. *Hughes*
his Wife; with
the Kings Pro-
clamation a-
gainst de-
bauchedness
enclosed.

THE thirsty *Earth* suck's up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The *Plants* suck in the Earth and Aire
With constant drinking, fresh and faire.
The *Sea* it self (which one would think)
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
So fill'd they overflow the cup.
The busie *Sun* (and one would guess,
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done,
The *Moon* and Stars drink up the Sun.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revell all the night.
Nothing in Nature's sober found,
But an eternall health goes round.
Fill up the bole then, fill it high,
Fill all the glassses there, for why,
Should every creature drink, but I?
Why man of Morals? tell me why.

Yours.

To the Woman.

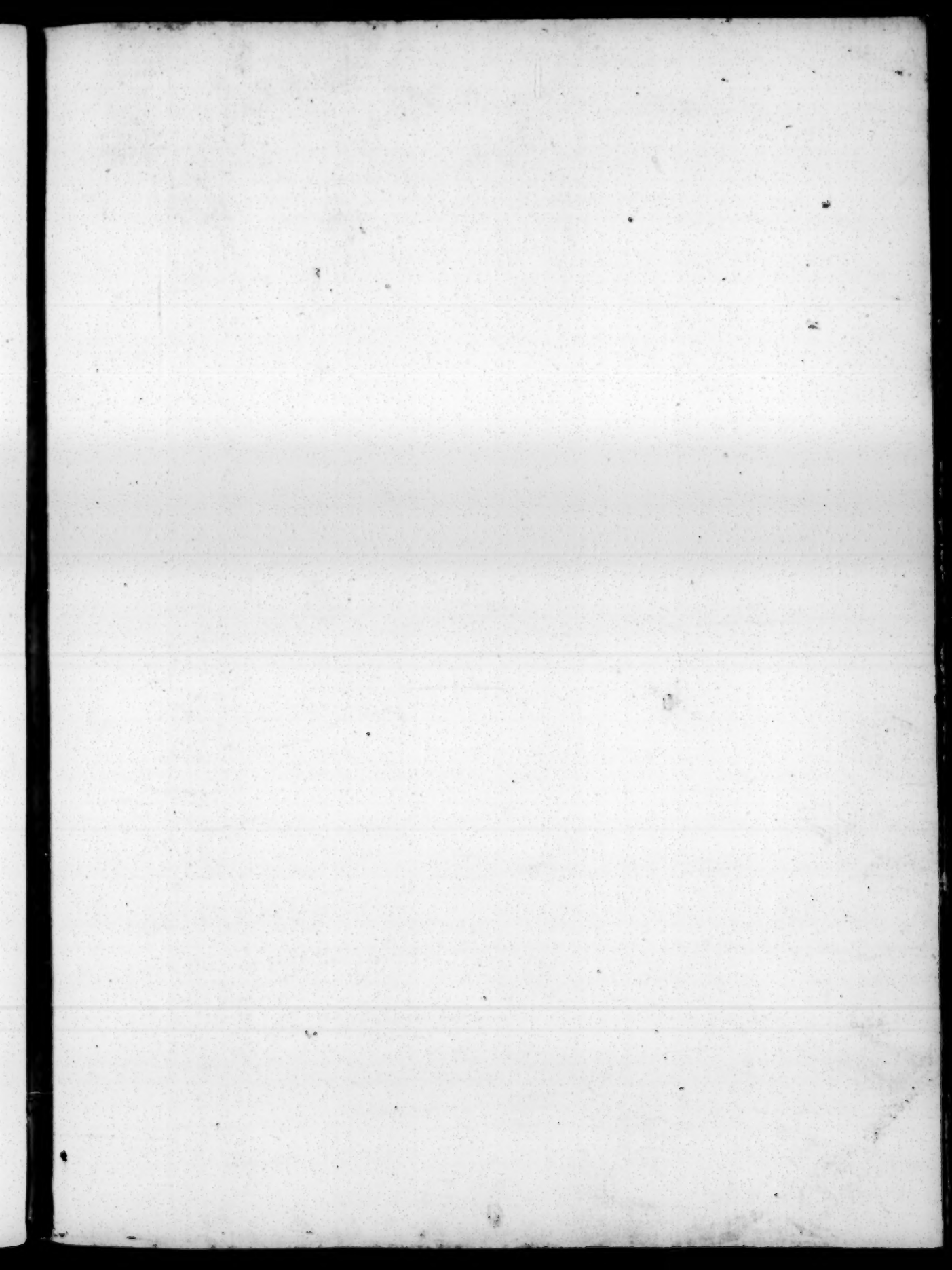
Madam,

IT is better to be dead,
Dead-drunk, than dead.

with the inclosure of his Majesties Proclamation
against debauchedness and health drinking.

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To the Woman.

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Dead-drunk, than dead.

with the inclosure of his Majesties Proclamation
against debauchedness and health drinking.

S I R,

BY way of discouragement to the brutish drinking
of Healths, you may read this Answer from

Your reall Friend,

Anonymus.

This Letter
was written
by a Friend in
Answer to the
other.

THe *Earth* sucks up the rain for thirst,
And never drinks, but needs it first.
Plants drink no more of Earth and Air,
Than what by drinking makes them fair.
The *Sea* all Rivers entertains,
But Cups excessive it disdains.
The *Sun* Heavens glory, we may guess,
Both Sea and inmates there doth bless.
But to drink Healths (mad Poets feign)
T' intoxicate the Drunkards brain.
The *Moon* and *Stars*, when Sun doth set
Borrow his light to shine, but yet
They drink no *soul-destroying Health*,
Nor rant, nor reel in night by stealth.
All things in Nature sober are,
So doth the Universe wellfare.
Man stay thy hand and fill not up
The drunken indignation Cup.
Earth, Sun, Moon, Stars do testify
Against this brutish Gallantry.
All Creatures only drink their fill
To live, and so they do Gods will.
Should man sobriety despise?
Why man of Belial? tell me why.

The Womans Answer.

SI R, To be twice dead must be worse
Than single death, which is a curse.
Fear Gods fierce indignation,
Fear not Kings Proclamation.

Go be ye them that are mighty to drink Wine, Isa. 5. 22.



